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COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS,

FOR and AGAINST

Dr. Sacheverell.



L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year MDCCX.

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A  
COLLECTION  
O F  
P O E M S.

---

*Said to be found upon a Great Lady's Toylet.*

O A—a! see, the Prelude is begun,  
 Again they play the Game of Forty One,  
 And he's the Traytor that defends the Throne.  
 Thus *Laud*, and thus the *Royal Martyr* dy'd,  
 Impeach'd by *Clamour*, and by Traytors try'd.  
*Ho—ly's* cry'd up, that does thy Rights oppose,  
 Because he crowns the *Mob*, and *arms* thy Foes.  
 Stop the portentous Omen, ere it be too late;  
 View thy whole Friends in poor *Sacheverell's* Fate.  
 Stated Experience now bids all be wise,  
 Let one Rebellion in an Age suffice;  
 At him they strike, but *regal Right's* their Prize.

---

*Said to be dropt in the House of C——s.*

HOW? At the other B——r to try a Priest!  
 What, is your own Authority a Jest?

Try him your selves, like th' Rump, without more  
 (Words;  
 They that can make their K—s, can make their  
 (Lords.

Salisbury-Steeple revers'd :

O R,

*The turn-spit B——ps.*

**W**HEN the twenty brave Pleaders, call'd out of  
 (the Throng,  
 For good Manners, quick Thought, and voluble  
 (Tongue,  
 Had read all their Speeches, and rehears'd all their Wit,  
 And left their good Lordships in Judgment to sit,  
 A Prelate *Adroit*, at Text or Debate,  
 Sent to eight trusty Brethren in Council to meet;  
 They whip on their Cloaks, and to *Hockley* they go,  
 To know what his *Kirkship* had for 'em to do.  
 When they came, all the Servants were order'd  
 (away,  
 And they drank to *Low-Church* in two Gallons of *Tea*,  
 T' inspire 'em with Zeal 'gainst *High-Church* and  
 (its Sway.)  
 Quoth he, I've long wish'd to see you all here,  
 For Matters of *Moment* require our great Care.  
 The Godly Lay five, who all Matters contrive,  
 That the Protestant Church may still flourish and  
 (thrive,  
 By me their sure *Nuncio* do send you this Greeting,  
 And pray me to tell you how to vote the next Meet-  
 (ing.

Our



Our Friends have now *roasted* this Priest and his

In spight of his Homilies, Scripture, and Laws, }  
(Cause, }  
And we must not sit *passively* sucking our Paws. }

*Walp*—le was warm, and as fit at that Season,  
Supply'd with hard Words, the *Absence* of Reason.

*Lech*—ore shew'd Art, was as bold as a Lyon,  
And i' th' *good old Cause* excell'd *Pim*, *Prinn*, and }

(Tryon, }  
Or the choicest of Saints in the bless'd Year *Forty* }  
(One. }

Gentle *Dol*—n, a Son of a Prelate, with Grace, }  
As if got by a Whig of Republican Race, }

Afferted that Cause without a Blush in his Face;  
For which we owe Thanks, and a lasting Renown,  
Being all o' th' same Stamp obscur'd by a *Gown*.

*St*—ope soft as a Dove, fam'd for *Arms*, more for  
(Love,

With the greatest good Manners the *Ladies* did move;  
But was ill requited: That Sex near and far,  
Call'd him insolent, rude, and hiss'd him from th'  
(Bar.

What Spirit, brisk Air, and Rhet'rick divine,  
In lofty Sir *Ja*—es and his Harrangue did shine?  
But oh! such rare Eloquence, profound Wit and Parts,  
Politick Learning, with the Cream of all Arts,  
Appear'd in Lord *Wil*—m 'gainst *Sacheverell*,  
As no *Cerberus* can reach, nor *Angel* excel.

Let us then, my good Lords, to each other be true,  
And shew in Church-Matters what *B*—ps cando.

I'll tell what by me and great *Wil*—m was done,  
And prove him a Traytor that calls Folks *Vulpone*.

I'll tell 'em a Tale, that to hit 'em won't fail,  
Of a Dame made a *Victim* to high-flying Zeal,

And move Flesh and Blood to see her *undrest*,  
And hew'd all to Pieces by a *hot-headed* Priest:

For us 'twould be shameful in Silence to sit;  
When a *Priest* is a *roasting*, we must help *turn the Spit*.

Do

Do you, my Lord Ox—d, 'gainst Monarchs be keen,  
 But as you love Wor——er, spare the good Queen.  
 This perhaps by the by in your Way may not lie,  
 But my We—t and your Ho—ly will Matters supply;  
 That you'll for a gentle *mild* Sentence give out,  
 When the Question is put, you know how to vote.  
 On your Brother Nor——ch we chiefly depend,  
 The Right of our *Puritan* Friends to defend;  
 And may he excel both his Patrons Renown,  
 Be just as the FATHER, and wise as the SON.  
 From our Brother *Chich.* we should claim a fine Speech  
 On this ranting high Sermon the Co——ns impeach;  
 But now *Easter's* at Hand, we expect not a Word,  
 Since the *Parish* bids more than we can afford.  
 He must lose his Off'rings, with this they do teaze  
 (him,

Or vote against us, in order to please 'em.

Some *Lay* Peers, we doubt, will be apt for to flinch,  
 But are sure that your *Lordships* will not budge an  
 (Inch.

What, tho' we all once did *Resistance* renounce,  
 And for not being *passive*, poor *Johnson* did trounce?  
 Sure we never took up our Opinions *for Life*,  
 For better for worse, as a Man does his Wife?  
 What Opinion is upmost, 'tis safe to be of it,  
 A Fig for *Lawn Sl—s* that won't turn for their Profit.  
 Thus incens'd at the *Doctor*, these Ri—t Re——nd  
 (Teachers

Vow'd they'd make him a Warning to all *High-Church*  
 (Preachers :

But oh ! how they look'd when their Friends hung  
 (an Arse,

And their deep-plotted *Tragedy* turn'd to a *Farce* !  
 With Amazement they found their Cause all a—  
 (Ground,

And the *Hall* with loud Ecchoes of Joy to resound;  
 They slunk to their Coaches, the *Doctor* did follow;  
 They went off with a *Whoop*, but he with a *Hollow*.

On

On Mr. Ho——ly, who says the People are supreme Governors, and Monarchs are but their Ministers.

Here is a Man, some modern Whigs think fit,  
 Amongst our loyal Bishops rank'd to sit;  
 A crippl'd Priest, whose *Intellects* are lame  
 As his *Supporters*, noxious is his Name;  
 Who gives each Topick that he treats, such Touches,  
 As, like himself, must be upheld by *Crutches*.  
 A brave Defender of th' establish'd Church,  
 As ever left her Doctrine in the Lurch;  
 But I'm perswaded such a crooked Stick  
 Will never gain an *English* Bishoprick:  
 And may they ne'er obtain our Sovereign's Favour,  
 That dare be guilty of such rude Behaviour,  
 As to confront the Doctrine she esteems;  
 The only *Medium* free from all Extreams,  
 As he has done, as ev'ry Child can tell,  
 That boasts in b'ing an *Anticheverell*.

---

Upon the burning of Mr. Burges's Pulpit.

Invidious *Whigs*, since you have made your Boast,  
 That you a Church of *England* Priest would roast,  
 Blame not the Mob, for having a Desire  
 With Presbyterian *Tubs* to light the Fire.  
 A Mob's abhor'd by all, and justly too,  
 Tho' rais'd against such Miscreants as you,  
 Whose threatening Tongues began the Fray, and rue.  
 And now you curse and damn the silly Elves,  
 For Mischiefs you brought only on your selves;  
 And ought to swing too, if the Law can reach 'em,  
 For practising Doctrines your *Canterers* teach 'em.

You

You give 'em all the Pow'r, and then would hang  
 For pulling down your Houses, that's a Trangum. <sup>(em)</sup>

---

*The Thanksgiving.*

**R**epublicans, your tuneful Voices raise,  
 And teach the People who to thank and praise.  
 L—d Wb—n first, for b'ing High-Church's Terror,  
 And confuting that antique vulgar Error,  
 That poy's'nous Creatures could not in I—land live,  
 'Till he came thither, such Methods to contrive,  
 That nought but worse than *Serpents* might survive. }  
 Thank him for coming o'er to roast a Priest,  
 And for's incomparable witty Jest,  
 In calling Church-men *Cats*, and hurrying on  
 His wide-mouth'd *Non-Con* Beagles to worry 'em.  
 Thank him for cocking's Hat i' th' House, and hide-  
 (ous bawling,  
 To shew his Wits were gone a *Caterwauling*;  
 Or else he'd maul'd High-Church, and snack'd her  
 (Spoils,  
 By old *Rump* Arts, or new *Dissenting* Wiles.  
 Thank the *Scotch* Peers who voted for the Church,  
 And the *Lawn Sl—s* that left her in the Lurch.  
 Thank the L—d M——r, a *Wight* by all forsaken,  
 For turning Cat i' th' Pan to save his Bacon.  
 Thank wise Sir Sa—el for being so hugely civil,  
 As to call Truth the Doctrine of the Devil.  
 Thank the L. C. J. or all had been lost,  
 Who, by nicking Time, gain'd the vacant Post, }  
 Which he had never had but for *bafting* the Roast.  
 Thank the *Stock-Jobbers* for your thriving Trade;  
 Thank just *Vulpone* that all your Debts are pay'd.  
 Thank those, who in Dearth ought to have reserv'd  
 To relieve the Poor, who were almost starv'd;

Yet



Yet wasted a hundred thousand Pounds at least,  
In a new Frolick of *Bear-bating* a Priest;  
Or, which was quite as well, to make themselves  
(a Jest.)

Thank Dr. *W—ft* for preaching up Resistance,  
And more the *Jesuits* for giving him Assistance.  
Thank them that thank'd him for advancing Tenets  
Entirely *Popish*, or *Presbyterian Ke—ts*.  
Thank your selves, proud *W—gs*, that you're ex-  
(pos'd and blam'd,  
And in all *Addresses* reproachfully nam'd;  
But thank th' Almighty if you are not damn'd.

*The History of the Imp—nt:*

O R,

*The Nation's gone mad.*

*A new Ballad.*

THE Nation had always some Token  
Of *Madness*, by Turns and by Fits;  
Their Sense was both shatter'd and broken,  
But now they are out of their Wits.  
Can any Man say the L—d M——r,  
Of Pa——nt likewise a Member,  
Did wisely to set up a *Bear*,  
To preach on the fifth of *November*?  
Was the *Doctor* less touch'd in his Brain,  
To stuff his Discourse with Gun-powder;  
Or *Do—ben*, who fir'd the Train,  
And made it bounce louder and louder?  
Even he who wrought all *underband*,  
So thinking to save his own Bacon;  
Some doubt; that for all his wise *Wand*,  
For a Conjuror ought to be taken.

But



But our S——ate has out-done 'em all,  
 By their grave and most solemn Proceeding,  
 On a Pageant in W——er-H—ll,  
 When the Nation lay almost a *Bleeding*.  
 In such a nice critical State,  
 When of mighty Affairs there were sev'ral,  
 To spend their sweet Hours in Debate,  
 About *Ho—ly* and *Henry Sach—ll*,  
 Of the Danger that threaten'd the Nation,  
 From the scandalous Term of *Vulpone*,  
 Thrown on the Man of high Station,  
 That so freely supplies us with Money.  
 So as the rare *Frolick* went round,  
 It seiz'd at last on the People,  
 Who swore they would pull to the Ground  
 The Churches that wanted a *Steeple*.  
 They rebell'd in the *Doctor's* Defence,  
 Who so boldly had cry'd their Pow'r down,  
 And freely gave up their Pretence  
 To stand by the *Church* and the *Crown*.  
 And the Folks who so zealously strove  
 For their Power, outrageously fell,  
 And by Force of Arms they would prove,  
 That they had no *Right* to rebel.  
 The C——ns, by Arguments keen,  
 From the Sense of the *Doctor's* Expressions,  
 Prov'd some Words, that nothing could mean,  
 To be *damnable* Crimes and Transgressions.  
 The L——s, having all Things regarded,  
 Affirm'd he had *highly* offended;  
 Then vote he ought to be rewarded,  
 And so the rare *Farce* was thus ended.  
 Thus I prove, that the M——r who invited,  
 And the zealous *Doctor* who preach'd,  
 The Man the C——ns incited,  
 And these that the *Doctor* imp——d;  
 All those that the Question did handle,  
 The *Mob*, and all such as did gainsay,

The

The L—s (be it said without Scandal)  
 To be all in a different *Frenzy*.  
 What Remedy then in the Nation,  
 For this Madness that really so much is,  
 But some *sober* and *wise* Application  
 From S——d, and the Great D——s?

---

*An Elegy* Balladwise on the Death of John Dolben, Esq; who departed this Life at Epsom, on Monday May the 28th, 1710.

IS *John Dolben* dead? Fare him heartily well,  
 In joyful Elegies I'll ring his Knell;  
 For tho' he liv'd but *so so*, he dy'd very well,  
 If you'll believe the loose W—gs, that still take his  
 (Part,

And first contributed to break his poor Heart.  
 'Tis true, Repentance might wipe out the Stains  
 Of his polluted Life, and mercenary Brains;  
 His hir'd Tongue, and bribed Conscience  
 Might check him into a religious Sense  
 Of his high Crimes, and Misdemeanors great,  
 And he might Mercy find at Mercy's Seat.  
 What, tho' they say he kept a little Whore?  
 What W—g's exempted, that keeps open Door,  
 And's not bewitch'd, or miserably poor?  
 That's Innocence in W—gs, that in damn'd T—es  
 Amount to Sins o' th' highest Stories.

What, tho' with worst of Men he lately sorted,  
 And 'gainst High-Church kick'd, winch'd, and  
 (snorted,

He was not quite so bad as *Fame* reported:  
 For what must not the staunchest Mortal do,  
 That is a Great Man's *Tool*, and has a Place in View?  
 Allowances are given to th' Rich, much more  
 To proud ambitious Fops really poor.

Or how will Turns of State, and cunning Tricks  
 Be kept on Foot by modern Politicks,  
 To hoodwink Fools, and straiten crooked Sticks?  
 What, tho' for ten Years past he left the Bed  
 Of's vertuous Wife; he'd others in her Stead,  
 To get a Race of *W—gs* on, to serve the Nation  
 On ev'ry emergent anarchical Occasion?

For base begotten Brats do naturally fight  
 'Gainst justly crown'd Heads by *hereditary* Right;  
 Which being the huge great Work now carrying on,  
*Dolben* acted like a wise Republican.

What, tho' Friends, it may be, truly object,  
 He was of ev'ry Side, Faction, and Sect;  
 An Atheist, Deist, notorious Hypocrite,  
 A mere State-*Juggler* when set in's true Light,  
 That for a Place would say a Black-a-moor was

(white?)

And why not? since all but dull *Church Fools* confess,  
 That solid Gain is real Godliness.

'Tis the known Priviledge of *W—gs* to plead Con-  
 science,

And to re-act *Bisarius* in their own Defence;  
 To whore, swear or unswear, cheat, lie, and cant,  
 So't be done demurely with the Looks of a Saint.  
 Nay, farther yet, for their own private Good,  
 They can make Monarchs happy by *shedding* their  
 (Blood.

What, tho' to *Epsom* the *Manager* stole down,  
 To avoid the *Mob*, and the more noisy Town;  
 'Twas not out of Fear, but to wisely prepare  
 'Gainst the next Occasion of baiting a Bear,  
 And advancing Resistance, in Despight of Addresses,  
 And solace with *Mifs* in her charming Caresses.  
 But while all these vast Designs were on Foot,  
 And a great Place at Court expected to boot,  
 A raging *spotted Fever* all his Hopes defeated,  
 And Maugre his *Cooler*, his Blood so over-heated,

As

As summon'd him to Tryal, without using more  
 (Words,  
 At the Tribunal of the Great Lord of Lords,  
 To answer for all the Misdeeds he had done;  
 Make Haste, says the *Fever*; your last Thread is spun.  
 Nor Prayers nor Tears can now ought avail,  
 Your Case admits neither Mainprize nor Bail;  
 The Measure you made sometime to another,  
 Is now made your own, as a real *false Brother*.  
 With that he look'd grim, bidding utter Defiance  
 To th' Party that gain'd him into Compliance,  
 With their horrid Designs to bring to Confusion  
 The Church and the State, and the whole Constitu-  
 (tion,

Then left him expos'd, to beg or be starv'd,  
 As a just Reward for what he'd deserv'd,  
 In serving the Nation's occult Enemies;  
 More would he have said, had not Death clos'd his  
 (Eyes.

### His EPITAPH.

**H**ERE lies Whiggish John, who, in Hopes of being  
 (greater,  
 Forsook his first Principles, and on a Theatre  
 Rail'd at High-Church, from which he bad's Bread,  
 In Expectance of being more sumptuously fed  
 By a Great Man, that ne'er did, nor ne'er will  
 Do the least Good, or vacant Place fill,  
 But to serve his own Int'rest; which, now too too late,  
 Dolben perceiving to be his sad Fate,  
 To be made a rank Setter, then left at a Stand,  
 Dy'd in Revenge, for being basely trepann'd.

On



*On Mr. Dolben's Voyage to, and Return from the Indies.*

**L** OUD Blasphemy *Jack*, being stript by *Oak Royal*,  
The degenerate Son of a *Sire* truly loyal,  
With *Goat-Birds* and *Whores* to *Plantations* he cross'd,  
Till the *Sharper* retriev'd what the *Bubble* had lost.  
Now in *Hopes* of a *Place*, he yelp'd and impeach'd;  
But the pert forward *Fop* himself over-reach'd;  
And had been committed to *Goal* by the *L—ds*,  
If he had not shamefully eat his own Words.

*A Litany.*

**F** R O M People pretending t' extraord'nary Zeal,  
That can fast and pray, publick Vices to heal,  
Yet eat up an *Orphan* at every Meal,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From them that studiously *Mischiefs* do make,  
And cheat their best *Friends* for *Conscience* Sake,  
And for *Gain* will go th' *infernal* Lake,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From such as take the *Sacramental* Tye  
Whene'er they find a good *Reason* why,  
Yet never think they are bound thereby,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From *Pale Ale* with *Lime* in't, and *Parsons's* Bub,  
From the *Gang* of *Rogues* at a *Calve's-head* Club,  
And the fiery *Tryal* of *Burges's* Tub,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From tolerated *Churches* without e'er a *Steeple*,  
From *Ho—ly* the fanatick cuckoldly *Cripple*,  
And from the sovereign *Power* o' th' *People*,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From



From the traiterous Offspring of *Forty One*,  
That cringe and fawn, and flatter the Crown,  
For no other End but to pull it quite down,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From those that by publick Frauds are enrich'd,  
And such as 'twixt *Pride* and *Zeal* are bewitch'd,  
And Republicans into *Vice Royalties* hitch'd,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From empty hot-headed fierce Legislators,  
Traiterous *Reviews*, and baul'd *Observers*,  
And senseless eternal politick Praters,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From *Cabals* that to ruin the Kingdom do fit,  
From new Laws that insult the old sacred Writ,  
And from Courtiers over *burthen'd* with Wit,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the Pest of a State, a Club-ridden Brave,  
Who a Nation does with her own Money enslave,  
And has damn'd more in Fact, than *Justice* can save,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a People too good to be told of their Faults,  
From an Head of a City whose Word goes for nought,  
And from eating hard Eggs without any Salt,

*Libera nos, &c.*

*Upon the bur—g of Dr. Sac—ell's Sermons.*

WHAT is become of the old Oath of Allegiance,  
When you punish your Pastors for Passive-  
(Obedience?)

You first burn his Sermons, the Homilies next;  
For all the Homilies agree with his Text.

If Things are thus manag'd, it may be possible,  
That the next Burnt-Off ring will be the *Bible*.

The Pr—ate refusing to come to his Tryal,  
In my Opinion is *St. Peter's Denial*.

**Six B—**ps were for him, but seven more wife,  
Have sav'd their own Bacon in Low-Church Dispute.  
Their Votes so divided, as plainly does shew,  
**At Sixes and Sevens Religion does go.**

## The Church of England's New Toast.

LONG Life to the Queen, and a prosperous Reign,  
 May the humble proud Monsieur, and make  
 (him quit Spain;  
 May the fettle young *Charles* on his Ancestors Throne,  
 And make all his Subjects as bless'd her own.  
 Here's a Health to the Church and to all that dare  
 (right her,  
 To the Persons that wear, and are Friends to the Mitre:  
 To the fifty two L—ds, who W—g Notions abhor'd,  
 And wisely declar'd against burning God's Word:  
 To the many Grand Juries, who have boldly express'd  
 Their Zeal for the Church, when the Queen they  
 (address'd:  
 To *Gloster* and *Oxford*, and *Warwick* the brave,  
 Who its Doctrines from all its Opposers would save;  
 And to all that Republican Tenets detest,  
 With Warmth in their Words, and with Truth in  
 (their Breast:  
 To her Majesty's Uncle, who'd make us all safe,  
 If again but possess'd of the M—e and white S—ff;  
 And the rest of the Statesmen, who, fam'd for their  
 (Zeals,  
 Have a Right to the K—y, and the P—se, and the  
 (S—ls:  
 To the Counties and Burroughs that lay it at Heart,  
 That the Members they've chosen, from their Duties  
 (should start,  
 And promise that they'll better Measures pursue,  
 Than to chuse such sham P——ts as these are anew.  
 May

May *England*, Old *England*, in *Glory* still rise,  
 And blest'd be the Preacher that open'd her Eyes;  
 Here's a Health to the Doctor, whom no one must  
 (name,  
 And he's a *false Brother* that won't pledge the same.

*The Doctor Militant :*

O R,

*Church Triumphant.*

To the Tune of Packington's Pound. By N. F. G. Gent.

**B**Old *Whigs* and *Fanatics* now strive to pull down  
 The true Church of *England*, both Mitre and  
 (Crown;

To introduce Anarchy into the Nation,  
 As they did *Oliver's* late Usurpation.

In Queen *Ann's* happy Reign

They attempt it again,

Who burn the Text, and the Preacher arraign.

*Sachev'rell, Sachev'rell*, thou art a brave Man,

To stand for the Church, and our gracious *Q. Ann.*

In *James's* Reign, when the Church had a Fall,

The Peers and the Prelates King *William* did call,

That he might recover what then did decline,

And settle the Crown in the Protestant Line;

For that pious End

He did recommend

The late Toleration, that *Whigs* did befriend.

*Sachev'rell, Sachev'rell*, whose Zeal did abide,

By Commons and Lords at the Bar to be try'd.

These seeming Conformists crept in the Church-Sleeve,

The credulous Mother the Knaves did believe;

But like to the Snake in the Fable they prove,

That stung the good Man for his Bounty and Love;

C

Their

Their Power employ  
 Her Rites to annoy,  
 And thro' her Indulgence herself to destroy.  
*Sachev'rell, Sachev'rell*, it's only to you  
 The Church is oblig'd, and our Thanks become due.  
 Their Practice and Principles stand on Record,  
 Ere since they beheaded their sovereign Lord;  
 The Spawn of the Rebels in that bloody Fray,  
 Celebrate that Regicide this very Day;  
 Who yearly do feast  
 On the Head of a Beast,  
 Upon th' Anniversary of the Deceas'd.  
*Sachev'rell, Sachev'rell*, brave '*Chev'rell* alone,  
 Dare tell such a barbarous People their own.  
 When the Crown and the Scepter fell in the Mobs  
 (Hands,  
 They could not submit to each others Commands;  
 The Robbers fell out in dividing the Spoil,  
 In Blood, War, and Taxes poor *England* embroil;  
 Like Babies and Fools,  
 They play with edg'd Tools;  
 When all are Superiors, then no Body rules.  
*Sachev'rell, Sachev'rell*, you've shewn 'em the Way  
 To honour the *Queen*, and the *Church* to obey.  
 While Knaves thus contended to sit on the Throne,  
 The Owner had Hopes to recover his own;  
 And so it fell out, in the Midst of their Jars,  
 The King's Restoration did finish the Wars;  
 In whose Golden Days  
 The Church held the Keys,  
 And kept in Subjection such Rebels as these;  
 For then were *Sachev'rells*, whom God did inspire,  
 To rescue the Church from *Fanatical* Fire.

The



*The Old Pack.*

1.

Come ye old *English* Huntsmen, that love noble  
 (Sport  
 Here's a Pack to befold, and staunch Dogs of the Sort ;  
 Nor Sir *Sewster*, nor *Chetwynd* can match our fleet  
 (Hounds,  
 For breaking down Fences, and leaping o'er Mounds;  
 Some are deep-mouth'd and speedy, some mad, blind,  
 (and lame,  
 Some Yelpers and Curs, but all fit for the Game.

*Then to Horse, loyal Hearts, lest the Round-heads deceive ye,  
 For they have the Dogs, and are riding tantivy.*

2.

There's Atheists and Deists, and fawning Dissenter,  
 There's Republican sly, and long-winded Canter ;  
 There's Heresy, Schism, and mild Moderation,  
 That's still in the Wrong for the Good of the Nation,  
 There's Baptist, Socinian, and Quakers with Scruples,  
 'Till kind Toleration linkt 'em all in Church-Couples.

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

3.

Some were bred in the Army, some dropt from the Fleet,  
 Under Bulks some were litter'd, and some in the Street ;  
 Some are good harmless Curs, without Teeth or Claws,  
 Some were whelp'd in a Shop, and some Runners at  
 (Laws ;  
 Some were wretched poor Curs, Mungrel Starvers  
 (and Setters,  
 'Till dividing the Spoil they put in with their Betters.

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

4.

A few, very few of the true *English* Breed,  
 Whose Noses were good, and of excellent Speed ;

C 2

But



But what's a fine Mouth to oppose such vile Throats,  
Where Hunters and Noise quite drown the sweet Notes?  
If he hits of a Fault, or runs the Scent right,  
Honest *Tory* is worry'd for a rank *Jacobite*?

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

5.  
Five hundred stout Dogs are a brave Pack to run,  
But the Leaders in chief are but old Forty One,  
On hot burning Scent, when they open their Throats,  
Then trail a Court-Place, how the staunchest change  
(Notes ;

Tho' no Horn nor Voice can their Fury controul,  
Yet to the *White Staff* they hunt all under Pole.

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

6.  
Crysthe Huntsman, *B. Ho—ly*, dear Whelps I'm a *Knave*,  
But you're all sov'reign Curs, and your Prince is your  
(Slave ;

This my Writings will prove stoll'n from *Pryn*, *Nye*,  
(and *Peters*,

That all free-born Dogs may fall on their *Betters* ;

Then away on the Scent, 'tis the *old Game* and *good*,

While *Peers* have fat Haunches, and *Kings* Royal Blood.

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

7.  
A stout orthodox Doctor fell first in the Wind ;

The Pack open'd their Throats, in *Hopes* Mob would  
(ha' join'd ;

By a strong passive Scent they run him full Speed,

'Till the Rabble cry'd out, *You're rank there, — Take heed* ;

What, o'er leap the Church-Pales, and break Consti-  
(tution ?

Here the Devil's your Leader, and you hunt for Con-

*Then to Horse, &c.* (fusion!

*For they have, &c.*

8.

At the Head of a Pack stupid *William* commanding,  
 Who's of Quality bred, by his deep Understanding,  
 If to dull worthless Whelps we may Titles afford,  
 His Merits confess him a Dog of a L—d;  
 Those crafty old Curs, that despise the poor Tool,  
 Yet only for Luck Sake they'll hunt with a Fool.

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

9.

There's *Woolf* rapacious, and *Bluster* and *Thunder*,  
 And *Peter* the grim, and the late Sp—ker *Blunder*;  
 For the dull heavy Curs love to mount in a Chair,  
 Tho' like *Monkeys* that climb, th' expose that Part bare;  
 And *Jackall* the ill-look'd, who trains up new Comers,  
 And still speaks in Season, for his Wit comes from

*Then to Horse, &c.*

(S—ers.

*For they have, &c.*

10.

There's Blasphemy *Jack*, that was stript by Oak  
 (Royal,  
 The Republican Whelp of a Sire truly loyal;  
 With Goal-Birds and Whores to Plantations he cross'd,  
 'Till the Sharper retriev'd what the Bubble had lost;  
 Now in Hopes of a Place, he still yelps and im—ches,  
 Tho' this pert forward Cur oft himself over-reaches.

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

11.

There's *Hackum* and *Brass* for their deep Mouths re—  
 (nown'd,  
 Because empty Sculls have a great Strength of Sound;  
 Send *Hackum* to *Spain*, what great Feats he'll latchieve,  
 And it's Conduct enough to make *Senates* believe;  
 And young *Brass* of *Corinth* can never deceive ye,  
 For he pays off a Cause as well as a Navy.

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

12. How

12.

How Honour and Honesty Dogs can unite,  
 For their Country's Sake, they'll steal, plunder, and  
 (bite;  
 Themselves and their Whelps they enrich for their  
 (Good,  
 And make Monarchs great by shedding their Blood;  
 Yet so eager for Gain — the white Staff take away,  
 They hunt dear *Vulpone* for a rank Beast of Prey.  
*Then to Horse, &c.*  
*For they have, &c.*

13.

Then *Tory*, poor *Tory*, never hope to prevail,  
 You're beat from the Pack with a Shoe at your Tail;  
 Go learn to plead Conscience, when you cheat, lie,  
 (and cant,  
 And plunder the Publick with the Looks of a Saint;  
 If you join the old Set, with new Principles fit ye,  
 Stick at nothing that's base, you'll be o' th' Committee.  
*Then to Horse, loyal Hearts, lest the Round-heads deceive ye,*  
*For they have the Dogs, and are riding tantivy.*

---

*A new Ballad,*

*To the Tune of the Black-Smith.*

SINCE Monarchs were Monarchs, it never was  
 (known,  
 That so little Power belong'd to a Crown,  
 Or that, made by a Mob, they may so be pull'd down,  
*Which no Body dares deny.*  
 How the People come by it, may seem somewhat odd,  
 But an orthodox Preacher by the Se—te allow'd,  
 Has given them this Right 'till now thought in God,  
*Which no Body, &c.*  
 Says

Says the *Rights* of the *Church*, and this *Teacher*, Mankind  
Are to God and their King by Contract confin'd,  
Which, if it be not mutual, never can bind,

*Which no Body, &c.*

Nay, supposing it so, and both Sides agreed,  
Should the People repent, and demand to be freed,  
Cry the *Covenant's* broke, and so cancel the Deed,

*Which no Body, &c.*

Of this new-reviv'd Doctrine some still were in Doubt,  
By a Prelate Preacher so bandy'd about,

'Till the P——nt met, and have made it all out,

*Which no Body, &c.*

The H—se was but thin, and their Questions but few,  
While the Money was giving, they'd nothing to do,  
To stir up the People to chuse them a-new,

*Which no Body, &c.*

Crys a Party-man sily, Pray where will this tend,  
If a whole Winter-Se—ns so quietly end?

'Tis by Bustle and Noise we gull Country Friend,

*Which no Body, &c.*

Here's a politick Parson of late does pretend  
To shew the Q—n's Right from God does descend,  
A mischievous Doctrine, and very ill penn'd,

*Which no Body, &c.*

Let this be the Theme of our present Debate,  
To humble such Parsons, and not let them prate,  
For the Bible has nothing to do with our St—e,

*Which no Body, &c.*

The Motion was lik'd, and they take special Care,  
To shew they design'd no Mortal to spare,  
For as Patron to him, they arraign my Lord M—r,

*Which no Body, &c.*

He frighten'd, when t'other's in Custody taken,  
The Orders he gave, has wisely forsaken;

So the Doctor was lurch'd, and the M—r fav'd his  
(Bacon,

*Which no Body, &c.*

But



But hold, crys a Member, I think we've all err'd,  
 'Cause the Man's a Fool to strike at the whole Herd,  
 And therefore to mend it, let's have one prefer'd,

*Which no Body, &c.*

The Q—n can't refuse such a pious Address,  
 She'll make him a Bishop, she can do no less,  
 For he raises the People, and her does depress,

*Which no Body, &c.*

The Party was mightily pleas'd with this Speech,  
 And vote, (that all Parsons may learn how to preach)  
 This Man to promote, and the other im—ch,

*Which no Body, &c.*

This loyal Resolve is brought up to the L—ds,  
 To which the Majority streightway accord,  
 And agree that such Principles should be abhor'd,

*Which no Body, &c.*

That for preaching this Doctrine he should be paid  
 (Home,  
 To be try'd at the Bar of their H—se, he should come,  
 Where for half of the Co——s they could not find

(Room,

*Which no Body, &c.*

Which the Co——s debate, and at last give their  
 (Voice,

That *Westminster-Hall* is the Place of their Choice;  
 For if done there in Form, 'twill make the more  
 (Noise;

*Which no Body, &c.*

The L—ds to this Matter gave no more Denial,  
 But Scaffolds erect for a more solemn T—al,

That the Ladies, and Co——s, and Folks may be

(by all,

*Which no Body, &c.*

To work in a Hurry Sir *Christopher* falls,  
 And fetches his Men and his Boards from *St. Paul's*;  
 I'm glad at my Heart they pass'd clear by *White-hall*,

*Which no Body, &c.*

This



This Whim is to cost us full three thousand Pounds,  
And the Queen is to hear on what Foot she was  
(crown'd,  
Whether she, or the People, are like to get Ground,  
Which no Body, &c.  
But, Nobles, take Care you rue not the Hour,  
When the Co——rs were thus put in Mind of their  
(Power,  
Impeaching's a Thing that has made you look four,  
Which no Body, &c.

## The Westminster-Combat.

I.  
'TIS odd to conceive what a War has been wag'd  
Among the late C—ns of *Britain*,  
Where Whig and Low-flyers so hotly engag'd,  
Good Principles soon to get rid on.

They fought, and did battel a certain Divine,  
So furious in *Westminster-hall*,  
That the Trophies and Triumphs from *Danube* and  
Hung shatter'd and ready to fall. (Rhine)

He preach'd, as 'tis said, at the City's St. Paul,  
With a wicked and vicious Intent,  
To stir up the People to break down the Walls  
Of Peace and just Government.

For not to resist, you know is the Way  
To destroy the Peace of the Nation;  
And not to rebel, is truly to say  
You spurn at true Moderation.

5.  
Therefore to prevent such a mischievous Blunder,  
Which the Parsons so often commit,

The *Posse* is rais'd, and the C——ns out-thunder  
New Votes to guard the Pulpit.

6.

The Doctor's arraign'd of high Crimes and Trans-  
. For preaching such damnable Things, (gressions,  
And the rest of the Order must hate all Expressions  
Which encourage Obedience to K—s.

7.

And to suppress such a pestilent Notion  
Which scandals the Rights of the People,  
Their *Armies* are marshall'd, and now upon *Motion*,  
To pull down the C——es with Steeples.

8.

The first that assaulted was valiant Sir J——,  
A Warrior of famous Renown,  
Who fir'd a Volley of Words without mean,  
Then trembling sat himself down.

9.

Then D——n, his Second, quite out of his Reason,  
To see the chief Art — such a Buffle,  
With Lyon-like Rage endeavours to seize on  
The Doctor and's Cause in the Scuffle.

10.

The next that appear'd was the learned Sir P——,  
In Antiquity skilful and great,  
Who pour'd such Charges that wounded much deeper,  
But yet he was woundily beat.

11.

Then him to relieve, does L——re aspire,  
With J——l, a Judge in the *West*,  
Who bluster'd and rav'd, and swore they would fire  
The Doctrine as well as the Priest.

12.

Lord W——m comes next, most nicely equipt,  
With Musquet and Ball in his Hand;  
But alas! of his Powder and Flint he was stript,  
And therefore was put to a Stand.

13. St——e

13.

St——e impatient, no longer could bear  
To see his own Troops disappointed,  
But storms, and discharges, and rattles i' th' Air  
Against K——s, and all that's appointed.

14.

Then comes Mr. C——r, as Part of the Rout,  
Well known in an eminent Cause,  
And fights with his Friends most brave and most stout  
Gainst Loyalty passive and L——s.

15.

But the fiercest and keenest of all the Commanders  
Was trusty Sir T——s of D——y,  
Who Prowess and Courage surpriz'd the By-standers,  
Because a C—— J—— was hard by.

16.

For W——le and S——b, and the rest of the Clan,  
Who the Doctor so bravely accosted,  
Their Exploits were so mean, and their Actions so vain,  
That they all deserve to be posted.

17.

To these may be added another Brigade  
Of B——ps and Temporal L——ds,  
Whose Weapons were ready, whose Speeches were made,  
Full charg'd, not with Sense, but with Words.

18.

These all with a Fury becoming their Zeal,  
For Liberty and Moderation,  
Did fight, and were beat, their Arguments fail,  
To the Pleasure and Joy of the N——n.

19.

The Doctor, whose Army was small, but surprizing,  
Did totally them overthrow;  
They smote him i' th' Arse, but still his uprising  
Is owing to that lucky Blow.

20.

The Mob of his Side, the Ladies appear  
All over the Town in his Favour,

Which galls the poor M—rs hanging their Ear  
Like G—r—d, or any false Brother.

21.

Dejected and scorn'd, they wander about,  
Poor Wretches, forlorn and forsaken;  
Upbraided and banter'd with Jeer and with Flout,  
Because they were happ'ly mistaken.

22.

And may all the M——rs meet with such Chance,  
And be laugh'd at in Country and Town,  
Who so basely intend, and so rudely advance  
To beat loyal Principles down.

*Another Elegy on the Death of John Dolben,  
Esq; Manager in chief at the Tryal of Dr.  
Sacheverell. By Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq;*

**W**EEP, all you *Schismatics*, since he is gone,  
That was your Hope, your Prop, and Cor-  
(ner-Stone;

*Republic Schemes* no longer hand about,  
For Death, in all your Shapes, will find you out.  
Cannot the *M—n—g—rs* then rest at Ease,  
But the grim Tyrant must disturb *their* Peace?  
So *Lennard* trod the horrid Path before  
Where *Dolben's* gone, and so will many more.  
When the fierce King of Terrors gripes the Man,  
He finds his lov'd *Resistance* is in vain;  
*Passive-Obedience* then he courts too late,  
For *Death's* coercive Pow'r has seal'd his Fate.  
Thus, who 'gainst *Right divine* most warmly strive,  
Only for publick Instances of Justice live,  
'Till Providence, prepar'd to shew her Pow'r,  
Cuts off the Boaster in a thoughtless Hour;  
For he that his first Principles does quit,  
Seldom's permitted to repent of it.



A Church-man's Son, that basely can resign  
 For the Mob's Pow'r, a Right he knows divine,  
 Can never think to meet with a Reprieve;  
 For that would be a Crime in *any* Pow'r to give.  
 His sacred Sire would be asham'd to see  
 A Son of his contend 'gainst Royalty;  
 Much more to see him pull the Mitre down,  
 And trample on the Honour of the Crown.  
 From such a Father, rarely it is known,  
 Was e'er produc'd so false and base a Son;  
 False to the Church, his Brethren, and the Laws;  
 False to his Friend, and false in ev'ry Cause.  
 The treach'rous Arts in Gaming first he lov'd,  
 Which was in *India* afterwards improv'd;  
 From thence his *Heathen* Politicks he drew,  
 And into *Christian* modell'd them anew.  
 Now for a St—sm—n he was well equipp'd,  
 Of Honour, Conscience, and Religion stripp'd;  
 The Church and Church-men were a daily Jest,  
 And his Diversion *roasting of a Priest*;  
 But the sweet Sawce that most regal'd his Taste,  
 Was, a fat Pension, that he gain'd at last.  
 Weep then, ye friendly *W—gs*, his sudden Fall,  
 But first repent, e'er Death o'ertake you all;  
 Ere you the Fruits of Persecution see,  
 And all th' Effects of passive Loyalty;  
 Ere all true Church-men have address'd the Throne,  
 And Duty from Disloyalty be known,  
 The Mitre flourishing beneath the Crown.

### HIS EPITAPH.

**H**ERE lies a Member both of Church and State,  
 Who yet from neither did receive his Fate;  
 But making about both a mighty Pother,  
 Death nick'd him in a Trice, like a false Brother;  
 Nor gave him Time to say, Forgive me, Mother!

Take

*Take Warning hence, all who the Church betray,  
Lest for your Conscience you too dearly pay.*

---

*To th' Learn'd and Rev'rend Doctor Hoadly,  
The quaint Petition of the Godly,*

**M**OST humbly sheweth, That whereas  
Our Cause is better than it was  
Before the happy Revolution,  
When the Saints dream'd of Persecution,  
And did, for sundry Reasons, fear  
The Pope and Devil were too near;  
But since, by your authentick teaching,  
As well by scribbling, as by preaching,  
Assisted by our own Industry,  
With much ado we've got the Mast'ry;  
And that the Wisdom of the Nation,  
To shew their thankful Approbation  
Of the sound Doctrines you have sown,  
To undermine both Church and Crown,  
Drawn from those learn'd and holy Fathers,  
*Hobs, Calvin, Leiden, John, and others;*  
And that to recompence your best  
Endeavours to besoul your Nest,  
They've chose you as the only Guide,  
That must in spite be dignify'd,  
In Hopes *Sacheverell* thereby  
May see how he has trod awry,  
And learn to stretch the holy Word  
To what's destructive and absurd.

We therefore pray, when they have rais'd you,  
Who have so highly thank'd and prais'd you,  
That you'll continue still to be  
A zealous true Church-Enemy,  
Preach up those Principles that now  
Your Tongue and Pen alike avow;

Teach

Teach Subjects how to grow rebellious,  
 And turn obdurate *Massanello's*;  
 Make Servants level with their Masters,  
 And set the Flock above their Pastors;  
 Pervert the Text from Good to Evil,  
 And mangle Truth to serve the Devil,  
 That Nonsense, Atheism, and Confusion,  
 May work some farther Revolution.

Then, as in Duty bound, we'll pray,  
 That you may see that happy Day,  
 When you'll b' exalted God knows whither,  
 And *Paul Lorrain* attend you thither.

*John Fox*, a zealous Moderator;  
*Tom Sly*, a Friend to th' *Observer*;  
*Jo Cant*, a rigid Presbyterian;  
*Will Snug*, a Rogue you seldom hear on;  
*Sam Stiff*, an Anabaptist Teacher;  
*Frank Bray*, a true time-serving Preacher;  
*Elias Crump*, a Camisarian;  
*Tim Mutable*, an Any-thing-arian;  
*Kit Grasp*, a Lover of his Pelf;  
*Bob Query*, Atheist, like your self.

### The *JUNTO*.

**A**T Dead of Night, when peaceful Spirits sleep,  
 And undisturb'd a peaceful Sabbath keep,  
 When only Fiends their baleful Looks display,  
 Impatient of Discov'ries from the Day,  
 The *Junto* sate, in the N——th——rian Dome,  
 Studios of Mischiefs, and of Ills to come.  
 The President, as usual, fill'd the Chair,  
 With serious Aspect, and malignant Air,  
 Diseas'd in Body, and disturb'd in Soul,  
 The one as much unclean, as t'other foul.

On

On his right Hand was old *Vulpone* plac'd,  
 With Wealth, and ev'ry Thing but *Merit* grac'd:  
 A Man whose Arts, and undiscover'd Wiles,  
 Had vested him with wrong'd *Britannia's* Spoils;  
 And whose all powerful and commanding *Wand*,  
 Like *Aaron's*, had distress'd and vex'd the Land.  
 The Mansion's *fluttering* Lord and Master next  
 Was on the Left on his Posteriors fixt,  
 And with a *grinning* Countenance survey'd  
 What Schemes were drawn up, and what Plans were  
 (laid ;

As he made Signs and Tokens all was safe  
 By his *extempore* Smiles, and thoughtless laugh.  
 Near him the Bully *Vice-Roy* cock'd his Hat,  
 And prattl'd like a Mountebank of State ;  
 Of Feats he o'er the Herring-pond had done,  
 And Proselytes to Mother Faction won ;  
 Of breaking thro' a solemn *Stipulation*,  
 And forcing *Consciences*, by way of *Toleration*.  
 Nor was there Se——ry from his *Post*,  
 Without his intermeddling, all'd be lost ;  
 A *Peer* to be deduc'd to future Ages,  
 For buying *Books*, and reading *Title-Pages* ;  
 For *Elzivers* and *Aldus's* entire,  
 And being full as *honest* as his *Sire*.

The sixth and last was a presumptuous Lord,  
 More fit for *College-Crusts*, than *Council-Board* ;  
 A *Pirate* of a *Peer*, whose borrow'd Praise  
 Proceeds from others Schemes, and others Lays ;  
 Since he now sits in Senate's Upper House,  
 By *Murray's* Projects, and by *Prior's* Mause.

The



*On the French King.*

B U Z.

SO represented, have I seen  
 On Puppet-Stage, a mimick King;  
 The manag'd Engin seem'd to speak  
 With Voice unfeign'd, and Movements make,  
 But 'tis thro' an ambiguous Light,  
 The lifeless Image cheats the Sight,  
 Whilst secret Wire, and hidden Spring,  
 Directs the artificial Thing.  
 The Royal Eccho thus rebounds,  
 Words not his own, in borrow'd Sounds.  
 So formerly the Devil spoke  
 His curst Lies thro' Heart of Oak.  
 The passive Timber guiltless utter'd  
 Whate'er th' enchanting Spirit mutter'd,

M U M.

*The Save-Alls.*

WHILE Faction with its baleful Breath proclaims  
 The loud Applause of undeserving Names,  
 And crys up Tenets that Rebellion teach,  
 From H—ly's Writings, and from S—— Speech,  
 The Muse obedient to her Prince should rise,  
 To bear transcendent Merit to the Skies;  
 And Truth's Defenders piously deduce,  
 From Time to Time, for future Ages Use.

O A—a! could'st thou but a while regard  
 Some Patriots Vows, and let their Pray'rs be heard;  
 Could'st thou but once thy gracious Favours deign  
 To Doctrines that support thy glorious Reign,  
 B—— would not the sacred Lawn disgrace,  
 By preaching up Resistance to thy Face;

E

Nor

Nor in thy C——t Republicans be seen,  
 To wrong their Country, and deceive their Q——,  
 But R——er, restor'd from his Disgrace,  
 Would be thy D——ty in W——n's Place;  
 And sam'd S——ll unsuspended be,  
 Possess'd of some fat wealthy B——p's See.

Yet though, for some Offences yet unknown,  
 Heav'n bears with such as these too near the T——e;  
 Tho' Loyalty, for some Time, must give Place  
 To faithless Anarchy's triumphant Race,  
 And B——, to the Scandal of their Coat,  
 Against the Apostle's Exhortation vote;  
 As most of them, altho' the Cause is Heav'n's,  
 Have left the Church at Sixes and at Sevens,  
 Justice forbids that we should Vertue wrong,  
 Or rob Religion's Champion of their Song,  
 Who for their own and Monarch's Rights have stood  
 Knavishly bold, and desperately good;  
 And fearful of Prerogative's Invasion,  
 Are justly stil'd *The Save-Alls of the Nation.*

Such is the dauntless *Tork*, whose silver Hairs  
 Are crown'd with Learning equal to his Years;  
 Of Post exalted, yet of humble Mind,  
 Studious of Good, beneficent and kind;  
 As meek as *Moses*, and as *Joshua* brave,  
 When call'd to suffer, or when call'd to save.  
 Fix'd on himself, immoveable and true,  
 He treads the Steps he bids us to pursue;  
 As undebauch'd by Courtiers Smiles or Frowns,  
 He stands by God's Prerogative and the Crown's.  
 The same his Precepts which of old he taught,  
 From Reason and from Revelation brought.  
 His Language copious, and his Meaning strong,  
 His Heart not inconsistent with his Tongue.  
 For Alms, for Arts, for Probity rever'd,  
 And *guiltless* as the Preacher he'd have clear'd.

Such *London* is, whose high descended Veins  
 Admit no Tincture of seditious Stains;

Loyal and just, as was his Sire, who fell  
 A Sacrifice to Treason and to Hell;  
 When Rebels their Allegiance durst disown,  
 And fought against their King to guard his Throne.  
 Oh! had not one of this illustrious Blood,  
 Lately departed from the Paths he trod,  
 And mingl'd with a base malignant Herd,  
 To be of Offices of Trust preferr'd;  
 What Family could more conspicuous shine  
 In every Branch of its untainted Line?

Such *Durham*, whose inimitable Zeal  
 For Church and Queen, and for his Country's Weal;  
 Whose early Labours, and continu'd Care,  
 Add Lustre to the Coronet and Chair;  
 And might more noble Sentiments infuse,  
 Than what are now receiv'd amongst the *Crews*.

Such *Rocheſter*, in whose unshaken Breast  
 Peace, Knowledge, Loyalty divinely rest:  
 For unsuspected Honesty renown'd,  
 With Age, with Honour, and with Judgment  
 (crown'd;  
 His Thoughts surprizing, as their Sense is found.  
 The Pride and Advocate of *Britain's* Isle,  
 As well as the Refiner of its Stile;  
 Whether in Verse of \* *Athens* *Plagues* he writes,  
 Or Treatises in nervous Prose indites,  
 Solemn when he harrangues, and sprightly when  
 (he bites.)

As happy Periods his Descriptions close,  
 And Satyr mix'd with Panegyrick flows,  
 Whether he points at heavy † *Sorbier's* Flegm,  
 Or make a ‖ *King's Society* his Theme.

Such *Bath* and *Wells* the raptur'd Muse inspires  
 With ardent Wishes, and with holy Fires;

E 2

With

\* A Poem written by him.

† His Answer to a Journey to England.

‖ History of the Royal Society.

With Vows which are incessantly preferr'd,  
 That such a Life as his may long be spar'd;  
 May still adorn the Mitre which he wears,  
 And teach his Brethren how to fill their Chairs  
 The best of Prelates, and the best of Men,  
 A worthy Successor to Bishop Ken  
 Like him, by no Consideration sway'd,  
 To see his Flocks miss'd, or Church betray'd;  
 Like him, when Storms impending threaten'd bold,  
 So were the Pastors of God's Church of old,  
 'Till *Moderation* made Devotion cold:

A *Gain* trump'd up by *Sectaries* of late,  
 To veil their Malice, and disguise their Hate.

Such *Chester* is, from whose unerring Quill  
 Eternal Truths, like heav'nly Dews, distil  
 As soft Perswasion dwells upon his Voice,  
 And plain instructive Doctrines are his Choice,  
 Atheists from his Discourses Christians turn,  
 And Profelytes their vicious Actions mourn,  
 Unable their old Tenets to pursue,  
 When he lays every Sinners Crimes in View;  
 Horror and Dread within their Breasts instils,  
 And even saves their Souls against their Wills.  
 To read him truly, is to read his Life,  
 All of a Piece, and never known to Strife;  
 But when false Notions would take Place of true,  
 And old Opinions are laid by for new,  
 Then zealous on a Rock God's Church to fix,  
 The youngest, not the meanest of the Six.

---

*All or none.*

A Woman grown Lousy for Want of due Care,  
 Resolv'd all her former Mistakes to repair;  
 And accordingly went amongst Porters and Car-men,  
 For Ways and for Means to get rid of those Vermin,  
 Since



Since none could more readily give her Advice,  
 Than such whose Acquaintance had long been with  
 (Lice,-  
 And knew where such Cattle were wont to reside,  
 By the Methods which they to extirpate 'em try'd.

Quoth a Fellow, whose Skill in such Myst'ries was  
 (deep,  
 And who constantly fed 'em both awake and asleep,  
 By the Means of a Shirt full as black as a Coal,  
 And by what 't had given Birth to, could very nigh  
 (crawl,

*Good Mistress, you've nothing to do, but go hence,  
 To be freed from the Creatures which give you Offence;  
 For if you but shift you, 'tis twenty to one  
 But every Creeper troops off, and is gone.*

When away went the Matron, and did as he said,  
 But tho' she lost some, a Majority stay'd,  
 That grew to Increase, and engender'd again in  
 All the Cloths she left on, both her Woollen and  
 (Linnen;  
 Which made her outrageous, and loosen her Garters,  
 To pull off her Stockings, that gave 'em good Quar-  
 (ters;

But that would not do, still they kept their Abode,  
 While she had her Stays on, or Gown, or her Commode.  
*Woes me, cry'd the Female, what must I do next?  
 The more I pull off, still the more I'm perplext.  
 Oh! that's a Mistake, said a Wench that stood by,  
 For none has a better Expedient than I;  
 Off at once with your Stays, and your Headcloths, and Gown,  
 That all that hang on 'em may burn or may drown;  
 For if others are put on but spick and span new,  
 Not a Louse will come near 'em, or be in your View.*

The Woman consider'd, and paus'd on the Matter,  
 For fear some ill Accident might happen after;  
 And when she had her old Equipage lost,  
 The new ones might harbour more Lice, to her Cost:

At

At last she took Heart, and resolving to do't,  
Was as clean as a Penny from her Head to her Foot.

*Advice to the*

O —! think, thou poor unhappy —  
How thou'rt surrounded by a vile Brood of (Men;  
Rebels to Monarchy, sworn Foes to God;  
Serpents and Vipers that would drink thy Blood;  
Whose Principles took off thy G — fire's Head,  
And from whose Rage thy unhappy Father fled, }  
Forc'd in a foreign Land to beg his Bread.  
And canst thou warm these Snakes within thy (Breast?

Are they alone to be with thy Favours blest?  
Sure thou forget'st the former Hate they show'd  
To thee thy self, as well as all thy Blood:  
With what Derision they thy Person scorn'd,  
How with thy Name their Satyrs were adorn'd,  
Or dost thou vainly think, by Acts of Love,  
The Hearts of these thy Enemies to move?  
Ah! thou mistak'st, they're ne'er to be oblig'd,  
Sun-shine does only give their Stings an Edge.  
This fatal Truth thy Royal Uncle found,  
Who all their Hopes with highest Favours crown'd;  
Forgave their Punishment to Law they ow'd,  
And in a thousand Ways his Mercy show'd;  
Yet all in vain; still with obdurate Hate,  
And restless Malice, they embroil'd his State;  
Strove by unheard of Plots, his Life to gain,  
And with eternal Discord fill'd his Reign.

Awake then, — and exert the —  
Show 'em thou'rt fit to be a Sovereign;  
Discard the impious Race, whose Threats defy  
Thy m — ck Pow'r, and mock thy M — y:  
Who

Who thy hereditary Right dethrone,  
 And make thee a mere Puppet of their own,  
 At Will to set up, or be taken down :  
 Who, to dispute thy lawful Orders, dare,  
 And judge for thee who shall thy Favours share.  
 Not so they dar'd, when Great *Eliza's* Hand  
 The Scepter of these Kingdoms did command :  
 If her just Will a Subject disobey'd,  
 She bravely struck the Rebel-Traytor dead.  
 Oh! that thou would'st her glorious Footsteps tread,  
 Then might'st thou save thy now devoted —  
 Love, Mercy, Goodness, Piety, are thine,  
 Thou want'st but Courage, and thou'rt all divine ;  
 Fear not, whole Myriads in thy Cause will join.

---

*British Loyalty display'd :*

O R,

*The Church in Glory.*

What a Pox ail the *W*—s, thus to trouble our  
 ( Peace,  
 For the Crew from *Rebellion* here never would cease.  
 'Tis true, whilst great *ANNA* in Glory does reign,  
 The Rights of our *Church* she will ever maintain.  
 The true *Christian Church* she will always defend,  
 And to the Religious will prove a true Friend.  
 But yet our base Foes can't let us alone,  
 For they long'd for the Faction of dam'd *Forty-One*.  
 How now, my L—d *W*——! How came it about,  
 That you of *S*——'s Doctrine shou'd doubt?  
 O! the Pinnacle's high where *Bow-Bells* do ring,  
 Here's a Health to *S*——'s and God bless the  
 (Queen.  
 We'll

We'll sing and carouse, and we'll heartily pray,  
That the **CHURCH** may stand firm, for e'er and  
We'll join these three Persons, we'll put them in  
For they're true to *Old England*, and true to the  
So grant we may shun th' unfortunate Fate,  
Of murdering Monarchs in sad *Forty-Eight*.  
Then let the *D—ters* unto us give Ear,  
For the *Church* loves the *Queen*, and the *Church* is  
(her Care.

British Loyalty displayed

O R

The Church is God

W  
For the Crow from **IS I N F**  
The Rights of our  
And to the  
But yet our  
For they long  
flow now, my I—  
That you of  
O! the Prince's high  
There's a H— to